

thought I how soon we should part.

Sarah Thomsen,

In Recital

-tain, Still

cresc. (more sonorous)

isa voce

sun-shine o'er val - ley... and

express.

mezzo-soprano

kindly assisted by
Leanne Regehr, *piano*
&
Tevor Sanders, *guitar*

Ash Grove

Thursday, March 23, 2000
5 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Ash Grove
The Trees They Grow So High
O Waly Waly
The Sally Gardens
The Last Rose of Summer

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Der Gärtner
Verborgenheit
Gebet

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Siete canciones populares:
El Paño Moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

INTERVAL

Modern Scandanavian Songs

Halfdan Kjerulf (1815-1868)

Synnöve's Sang

Ingrid's Vise

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Tuol Laulaa Neitonen

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

En Svane

Bror Beckman (1866-?)

Tre Löften

Richard Charlton (1970-)

"Dust On A Butterfly's Wing"

Wind 1.

Challenge 2.

Bounty 3.

Wild Flowers 4.

Moon Track 5.

Affinity 6.

Victors! 7.

Der Gärtner / The Gardener

On her favourite mount
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides through the avenue.

The path where her steed
so delightfully prances,
the sand that I strewed,
it sparkles like gold.

Little pink hat,
bobbing up, bobbing down,
Oh, throw a feather
secretly down!

If you, in return, want
a floweret from me,
for one, take a thousand,
for one, take all!

-translation by Fischer-Deiskau

Verborgenheit / Obscurity

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart to have alone
its bliss, its agony!

Why I grieve, I do not know,
my grief is unknown grief,
all the time I see through tears
the sun's delightful light.

Often, scarce aware am I,
pure joy flashes
through the oppressing heaviness
-flashes blissful in my heart.

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart to have alone
its bliss, its agony!

-translation by Fischer-Deiskau

Gebet / Prayer

Lord! Send what Thou wilt,
delight or pain;
I am content that both
spring forth from Thy hands.
May it be Thy will neither with joys

nor with sorrows
to overwhelm me!
For midway between
lies blessed moderation.

-translation by Fischer-Deiskau

Seite canciones populares / Seven Popular Songs

El Paño Moruno / The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the store,
fell a stain;
Now it sells for less money,
for it lost its value.

Seguidilla Murciana / Seguidilla from Murcia

Anyone whose roof is made of glass,
Should not throw stones
To his neighbor's.

We're muleteers!
Perhaps we shall meet
On the road.

Because of your great inconstancy
I compare you
To a coin that goes
From hand to hand;
It finally fades
And, thinking it false,
Nobody takes it.

Asturiana / Asturian

To see if it would comfort me
I leaned against a green pine tree,
To see if it would comfort me.

On seeing me weep, it wept,
The pine tree, being green
On seeing me weep, it wept.

Jota / Jota

They say we don't love one another
because they don't see us speak;
your heart and mine
should be asked about that.
They say we don't love one another
because they don't see us speak.

Now I take leave from you,

From your house and from your window,
And even though your mother doesn't like it,
Goodbye, my dear, 'til tomorrow.
Now I take leave from you,
Even though your mother doesn't like it.

Nana / Lullaby

Sleep, my child, sleep,
Sleep, my darling,
Sleep, little star
Of morning.
Lullaby, Lullaby.
Sleep, little star
Of morning.

Canción / Song

Because your eyes are traitors,
I am going to bury them.
You don't know how hard it is,
"from the air," my love, to look at them.
"Mother, to the shore."
My love, to look at them.

They say you don't love me, You loved me
before.
Let go what was won,
"From the air," for what is now lost.
"Mother, to the shore."
For what is now lost.

Polo / Polo

Ah!
I keep, ah!,
I keep a sorrow in my heart,
ah!,
And I'll tell no one!
Love be cursed, be cursed!
ah,
And the one who taught it to me,
Ah!

-translations by Josep Sobrer and
Edmon Colomer

Synnöve's Sang / Synnove's Song

Thank you for all the happy hours
The two of us, from childhood, passed together.
We frolicked gaily through leafy bowers
And never dreamed of dark and gloomy
weather

I thought our joy would never end,
That we would always wander hand in hand.
Our journey ending in serenity and peace.
At the red painted church, yonder.

I sat and waited so many evenings.
My eyes ever turned towards the forest,
But shadows made the field grow dark.
And you, you didn't find the way.

-translation by Auber Forestier

Ingrid's Vise / Ingrid's Song

The fox lay under the birch root
By the heather, by the heather,
And the hare hopped on light feet
Over the heather, over the heather
"There's nothing like a sunny day
It glitters in front and it glitters
behind
Over the heather, over the heather."

The fox laughed under the birch root
By the heather, by the heather,
And the hare hopped in a wild mood
Over the heather, over the heather.
"I am so happy about everything
Oh, hey, you're leaping so high
Over the heather, over the heather."

And the fox waited behind the birch root
By the heather, by the heather,
And the hare tumbled right towards him
Over the heather, over the heather.
"God have mercy, you are there!
Oh dear, how dare you hang around
here
Over the heather, over the heather."
- translation by Wendy Grippstad

Tuol Laulaa Neitonen / A Maiden Yonder Sings

A maiden yonder sings
I see she has lost her loved one.
The one most dearest of all,
For her song is full of sadness.

Now away fade the colours of the sunset
And silent are the fir trees of the hills
Yet the delicate song of an unknown maiden
With sadness it is filled.

Now the note dies away
And I seek to find the maiden
So we could together remain
As the sadness sings in her song.

Now away fade the colours of the sunset
And silent are the fir trees of the hills.
-translation by Sari Honkanen

En Svane / A Swan

My white swan,
You mute one, you silent one,
Neither warbling nor trilling,
One could only suspect your singing voice.

The anxious and protective fairies, who sleep,
always listening, you drift across.
But the Eider came flying,
His traitorous eyes lying,
Yes then, then it sounded!

In the music's birth
Your spirit passed on.
You sang in death.
You were truly a swan!
-translation by Wendy Grønnestad

Tre Løften / Three Promises

My father he has said
that if I rock the baby girl,
so shall I this evening receive three large eggs,
that he promised.
He promised me three, I only see one;
to rock the baby girl for only one egg,
it shall not happen.

My mother she has said,
that if I share some gossip
then she will fry for me this evening three
chickens.
She promised me three,
I only see one;
for only that one chicken I will not act falsely.

My sweetheart said to me,
that I shall only think of him,

then he will come this evening
and give me three kisses.
If I get three,
and if he asks me for more,
who cares about fried chickens and eggs
and who will give them to me.
-translation by Elisabeth Thomsen

***"Dust On A Butterfly's Wing"*
by: Minnie Agnes Filson**

Wind 1.

Through the unseen gates
of the unseen kingdom
He came singing.
In the gully he danced with the reeds and the
bracken
And where a wand'ring sarsparilla
Splashed royal purple wantonly
over a brown rock

The young trees swayed as he passed,
And the old trees made obeisance,
And there was salutation
From the grasses and flowers.
And he was a challenge
To the complacent sovereignty of earth,
And the solitudes of the high places.
Indomitable!

A god!
An echo
Of the sorrow and laughter of all the world!
A jester
Who plays with a cloud,
an ocean
or a man's hat,
Who dances through the hovels of the poor
And laughs down chimneys of the great!

Enigma
The intangible
Who will gather from this dust unto himself
My breath, our common essence
And pass on.
And pass on singing.
Singing

Challenge 2.

Can I grow old?
This throbbing pulsing ecstasy,
This I of I, this me of me,
Can I grow old?
The years have told this Thing
This Thing:
That form, that flesh will change,
All that is fair grow different strange.
You will grow old.

This, Time's reply:
You will grow old and cease to be.
But I deny exultantly:
Not I, not I.
No fleshly bond can leash these strange,
these unnamed fires, these surging thoughts,
these dear desires,
They soar beyond.

And this, this Me
moves on towards some great sublime,
And laughs at Death and laughs at time
Eternally

Bounty 3.

Wheat in the silos running over,
Food for the worms and the birds that hover,
Food for the mice, for the rats a bed
and little children are crying for bread!

Food from the ocean the land and river,
"Enough for All"
"Enough for All" said the Great All Giver
But where are Wisdom and Justice fled
men and women are crying for bread?

Wild Flowers 4.

Lift us out of the vessels of silver and glass
We are alien folk to their sheen and their gloss
We are alien too, to the carpet, the hearth

Our shadows belong, belong to the earth.
Dull beautiful earth let us lean on the wind.
Let us stand with the sun,
let our glowing way wend.

Through furrows rough broken the rain ploughs
and fallows,
Let us live with the stones and the rocks as our
fellows
Take us out of the room we would shatter the
ceiling!
We hunger for stars and we hear the moon
calling

Moon Track 5.

Thou art a silver bow tonight
Oh Moon!
Thine argent arrow sped.
Beyond the swinging worlds of light
To point a way where men may tread.

And here between the slender trees
(Oh Moon!)
Thine arrow lies
A silver shaft between the trees.
Loosed from the skies.

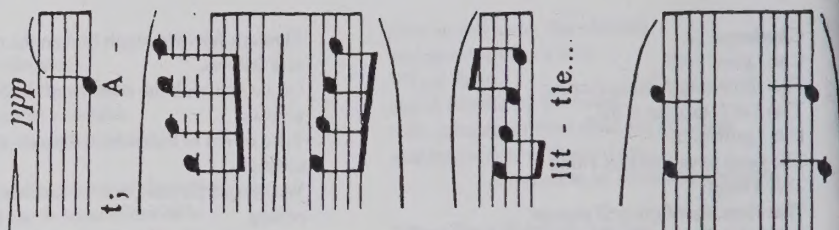
Affinity 6.

I wonder if the cabbage knows
He is less lovely than the rose
Or if he squats in smug content
A source of noble nourishment
And if he pities for her sins
The rose who has no vitamins

Or if one thing his green heart knows
That same Fire
That warms the rose.

Victors! 7.

Oh beating of little silken hammers
towards the light.
in the long dark tunnels of the boughs!
Oh mighty contending of tiny green spears
with earth's brazen shoulder!
Oh dust on a butterfly's wing!
Oh triumph of infinitesimal things!
Oh Spring



"Is anyone happy? Let him sing!"

James 5:13

"Shout for joy, O heavens;
rejoice, O earth;
burst into song, O mountains!"

Isaiah 49:13

"Sing and make music in your heart"

Ephesians 5:19

Warm Thanks to Dr. Harold Wiens, and
to my Loving Fam'bly, and
Special Thanks to the Beautiful Grandmothers:
~Mor-mor~ & ~Grams~